THE CHURCH MONTHLY

Volume 6 JANUARY, 1932 *Number 3*

CONTENTS

	Page
MAKING THE NEW YEAR HAPPY..Sermon by Harry Emerson Fosdick	305
PRAYER.....by Harry Emerson Fosdick	309
THE FIRST YEAR.....by Clare M. Tousley	311
A PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN ATTITUDE.....	315
PEACE—A WAY OF LIFE..Riverside Guild Program.....	315
THE LATCHSTRING	317
ILLUSTRATIONS IN THIS ISSUE.....	319
RURAL RECONSTRUCTION IN INDIA.....	319
WITHIN THE FOUR SEAS.....by Margaret T. Applegarth	321
GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH GREAT SOULS.....	321
BIOGRAPHY—AN EDITORIAL	322

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE CHOIR OF THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH.....	304
DR. FOSDICK AND HIS "GIBSON FUND" LIEUTENANTS IN CONFERENCE	310
MISS MAY PREUSS.....	313
CHRISTMAS PARTY FOR BOYS.....	316

▽

Published monthly by the Committee on Publications of The Riverside Church.

(Issued the third week of the current month.)

Price per copy 25c. Annual subscription $2.00.

Address all communications to THE CHURCH MONTHLY, 490 Riverside Drive, New York City.

Make checks payable to Harry P. Fish, Treasurer.

Copyrighted in the United States of America by The Riverside Church.

Photograph by Frank Ehrenford

THE CHOIR OF THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH

THE CHURCH MONTHLY

Volume 6 JANUARY, 1932 *Number 3*

Making the New Year Happy

By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

AT a time when we are all wishing each other a Happy New Year we may well pause to consider what we mean by happiness. In a heterogeneous congregation like this from the ends of the earth, with wide diversities of tradition and circumstance, one thing holds true of all of us: there is nothing that we think so much about, care so much for, aim so much at, as somehow to be happy.

Yet happiness remains one of the most elusive objects in the world and even when we stop chasing it long enough to think about it we find ourselves confused as to what we mean by being happy, anyway.

For one thing, there are so many kinds of happiness. The prize fighter who has just knocked out his antagonist is happy and Paul in a Roman prison writing to the Philippians, "Rejoice in the Lord always: again I will say, Rejoice," is happy, too. A man who has sold short in the market and guessed right is happy and so is Einstein achieving some new insight into a deep secret of cosmic mathematics. The man who shot "Legs" Diamond and succeeded in killing him was doubtless happy and so was Wordsworth when he wrote the Lines above Tintern Abbey.

Happiness a guide to life? Perhaps, but what kind of happiness?

Moreover, as one watches the multitude of people going through the portals of another New Year aiming to be happy, one sees how many pathological roadways to happiness there are. Ask the psychologists and see. Many folk, for example, facing difficult circumstances and lacking the requisite wisdom and courage realistically to handle them, evade their problems and retreat to a fictitious world of pleasant make-believe. They are the habitual, pathological day-dreamers and they get happiness. Leaving somebody else to care for their real problems, they betake themselves to these pleasurable Utopias where they imagine everything as they would like to have it and themselves as the glorious heroes of it all. The consequence of this, if the process be carried far enough, is that some of the happiest people in the world are in insane asylums imagining themselves Queen Victoria or an angel in heaven. In their unreal day-dream world they soar at liberty, freed from limitation. Yet, if you and I had to choose between that on one side and on the other dying on Mount Everest in an endeavor to handle a hazardous situation, we would choose the latter. Who wants to be pathologically happy?

Indeed, one of the most popular ways of achieving happiness is self-conceit, megalomania. Early in the nineteenth century there was in England an artist named Haydon, now largely forgotten, who thought himself about the most glorious of painters and whose conceit widely impressed his generation. He executed vigorous and gigantic canvases and saluted himself with endless gusto as the great painter. Listen to him. "Never," he wrote, "have I had such irresistible and perpetual urgings of future greatness. I have been like a man with air-balloons under his arm-pits and ether in his soul. While I was painting, walking, or think-

ing, beaming flashes of energy followed and impressed me—They came over me, and shot across me, and shook me, till I lifted up my heart and thanked God." Now, the plain fact is that Haydon was self-deceived, and while this picture of himself with air-balloons under his armpits and ether in his soul, lifting up his heart and thanking God about himself, is the picture of a very happy man, who wants to be happy that way?

Over against such a character one thinks of another kind of artist, a real one, Chopin, concerning whom George Sand tells us that he used to shut himself in his room for days at a time, weeping, walking up and down, breaking one quill pen after another, writing and rewriting and writing again each bar of music, starting once more the next morning with minute and tireless perseverance and never satisfied with any music that he wrote. It is a pity that genius has so to torment itself, as some one has said, like a ship on fire at sea for the delectation of the spectators on shore. But if one had to choose between being wretched and creative like Chopin and being happy and an inflated megalomaniac like Haydon, surely he would choose the former.

It will not do to say that happiness is an adequate guide for life. There are too many kinds of happiness and too many pathological roads into it.

Moreover, when a man starts out to be happy he finds himself inevitably forced to do so many unhappy things that his happiness philosophy begins to get mixed up. He goes to a hospital to be operated on, for example. That is not pleasant but very painful, but balancing the relative consequences in happiness in the long run, he goes. So a mother watches for weeks at the bedside of a sick and, it may be, dying child. That is not pleasant. That is terrific. But she would be wretchedly unhappy anywhere else. Or some Admiral Nelson stands on the deck of his flagship in the midst of a battle, with the missiles flying all around him, and says, "This day may be the last to any of us at a moment; but mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands." So a martyr may even go to the stake to die for his truth feeling himself far happier than those who put him there, like Jesus carrying his Cross to Calvary and saying, "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves."

You see, these debonair pleasure-seekers who start out so light-heartedly to be happy have to make provision for such things as being operated on, watching beside sick children, undertaking hazardous exploits, making heavy sacrifices, and it seems clear to some of us that a happiness philosophy which has to take all that in is something more than a happiness philosophy.

Moreover, as one watches the multitudes going out this New Year chasing happiness, one is impressed with the fact that there is something wrong with their technique. It simply is not true that I, for one, get happiness when I seek it. The more directly I head for it the more certain I am to miss it. If I chase it it runs, but sometimes if I forget it and do something else worth while, it tags along. A man becomes interested in a science, endlessly curious to pioneer the trails of its truth, gives his mind to it and, lo! he is happy at it. A man falls in love with his work, takes it not as a trade but as an art, relishes the pride of fine workmanship in doing it and, lo! he is happy at it. A man cares about people, first the inner circle of his tried friends, then the wider circle of mankind, so crude, often so sinful and yet so full of possibility, a spectacle of endless interest, an opportunity of infinite promise, and as he thus works with folks he is happy at it. Or a man learns at least a little to appreciate the deep significance of art, music, books and, behind all, the endless miracle of nature's loveliness, and, lo! he is very happy at it.

That is the realistic fact about happiness. We get it when we forget it. We do something else worth while and it

comes along. Happiness is the incidental light in the eye, glow on the cheek, elasticity in the step of somebody who is going somewhere.

I am sure that this kind of thing needs to be said. So many millions of people go through the portals of this New Year seeking happiness and forgetting that there are so many kinds of it, so many pathological roads into it, so many strange places where it is found, such as the Upper Room before the crucifixion, with Jesus saying, "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy may be in you"; forgetting, too, how men miss it when they chase it.

As one watches these superficial pleasure-seekers one is not so much tempted to call them bad as to call them foolish. We want to be happy, they say. Well, we are going to put the matter much more strongly than that this morning: we ought to be happy. Happiness is one of the major duties of mankind. An unhappy man is a traitor against his fellows. He fills their skies with his smoke.

This is no easy world, however, in which to be happy. Look about you and see. Remember, for example, that tragic day in Poland's history when ruthless war broke out and loot and lust sacked Warsaw. Far away in Stuttgart Chopin heard the news and in terror for his family cursed God. "Oh God," he wrote, "You're there and You don't avenge it—How many more Russian crimes do You want—or—or are You a Russian too!!?"

The God I believe in would understand the agony of love from which that blasphemous utterance came. He must see how tragic this world is. When one thinks today not simply of some twenty-five million people in the world who want work and cannot get it but of all the ordinary bafflements and frustrations that year in and year out interminably go on, it is plain that this is no easy world in which to be happy. Then, once in a while, one meets a personality who has not escaped the tragedy but who is happy. Just being that is one of the loveliest gifts that anybody ever gives the world. They used to say about Phillips Brooks that every time he walked across Harvard Yard one more boy decided for the ministry. There are radiant folk who impress us like that, lift us up, put us on our feet, brush us off, assure us again of the livableness of life.

We want to be happy, say folk. Aye, but my friends, the fountainheads of great happiness are among the high mountains. Remember that strong word of President Eliot of Harvard, "the durable satisfactions of life." The only substitute for all this superficial pleasure-chasing lies there: the durable satisfactions of life.

Think with me this morning for a few moments about them. For one thing, I do not see how anybody is going to discover the durable satisfactions of life without developing insight into life's intangible spiritual values. It is always the intangibles that give value to the tangibles. The real value of a book is its truth, but that is an intangible. The real value of sport is sportsmanship, but that is an intangible. The secret of character is morale, but that is an intangible. The real worth of a house is a home, but that is an intangible. Baedeker will tell you all the tangible facts about Mont-Blanc but when Coleridge saw it he wrote his glorious ode about its intangibles.

One unforgettable evening we stood on the crest of Neby Samwil in Palestine and watched the sun sink in the Mediterranean twenty-five miles away. In colors beautiful beyond description the light fell on the great Philistine Plain and the foothills of the Judean Ridge, on the weird waste of the Jordan wilderness and the looming plateau of Moab beyond the Dead Sea to the east, and below us was Jerusalem and a few miles down the crest the white homes of Bethlehem. The tangible facts in that landscape, so many miles wide and so many broad, with hills so high and valleys so low, could be measured and tabulated, but what moved us, watching Bethlehem and

Calvary, only five miles apart, could not be touched with hands: things seen temporal, things unseen eternal.

So always the intangibles give value to the tangibles. Now, the only people whom I have ever known who could be said to have discovered the durable satisfactions of life were people who understood that and so did not try, as Jesus said, to live by bread alone.

Do you remember in George Bernard Shaw's play "The Doctor's Dilemma" the way the dying artist gasps out his creed? "I believe," he said, "I believe in Michael Angelo, Velasquez, and Rembrandt; in the might of design, the mystery of color, the redemption of all things by Beauty everlasting, and the message of Art that has made these hands blessed. Amen. Amen."

Start with that much faith in life's intangible values, and move up as far as you can go until you live in interior spiritual fellowship with great souls, great truths, great devotions. There among the high mountains lie the fountainheads of life's durable satisfactions that will not run dry. Moreover, they are close to religion, for the logical conclusion of complete irreligion is to deny or dim down the reality of life's intangibles, while all true and great religion is based upon the proposition that nothing in all the universe is half so real.

It is clear, is it not? even so far, that this business of being happy is no mere matter of kicking one's heels.

Again, I do not see how any one can discover the durable satisfactions of life without expanding his life into other people's lives. One talks about caring for oneself and getting happiness for oneself but just what do we mean by that mysterious word "self"? Here, for example, is a young girl utterly selfish. Her self stops at her own nerve-ends and all she cares about is the pleasure that pleases her. Now, let us suppose that she falls in love so that it comes to pass—a most amazing miracle—that what happens to her lover matters more to her than anything that happens to herself, until she might even say what Elizabeth Barrett said to Robert Browning:

". . . The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double."

You see what has happened to her self. It has expanded into another self. Now suppose that children come into that new home and motherhood wakes up in her so that she lives not so much in herself as in them and what happens to them penetrates more deeply into herself than anything that can happen to herself. Indeed, suppose that this mysterious expansion of personality once started goes on so that she cares for other people's children, underprivileged, for civic housekeeping as well as her own, until her life is spread out in many lives that she has enlarged herself to care about, concerning whom she might speak with something of the Master's accent, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me."

Will some one say that this expansion of the self means sacrifice, that it presents a larger sensitive surface to the hurt of the world and that

". . . he who lives more lives than one
More deaths than one must die"?

To be sure, it does. But go to a personality like that and offer her the chance to exchange her new, expanded self for her old self-centered life. Do you think me insane, she might exclaim, to give up the rich and varied interests of my enlarged personality for the old narrowness of that ego bounded by its own epidermis? Self-sacrifice that you so dread and because of which you pity me has meant a constantly enriched experience, exchanging a little self with small interests for a great self with large interests. I started with wretched self-centeredness and every step I have gotten away from that I have been mentally

(*Continued on page* 320)

Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

ETERNAL God, who needest not our instruction concerning human want and Who dost not listen to us for our much speaking but dost look upon the dispositions of our hearts, give us this day sincerity in worship. Lo, how we deceive ourselves with clever argument and word! Yet can we not deceive Thee.

At the turning of another year, whence we look back upon the journey traveled and ahead to the road we still must tread, give us above all else honesty with ourselves and with Thee. May we be honest with our blessings. Help us never to forget them or neglect them. From weak complaining, from the minimizing of our joys and the accentuating of our burdens, good Lord, deliver us! Give us insight to understand that our tasks may be the making of us and help us to pray, not for easier days but for greater strength. Send us forth into this New Year with eyes open to the heritage that has come down to us, the friends that still surround us, the hopes that beckon us, the faith that can sustain us, and so make us strong.

May we be honest with our sins. Beyond all excuses we know that we could have done better. For the friends whom we have hurt this year gone by, the grudges we have been unable to forget, the goodness left undone, the words unspoken, the letters unwritten, the generosity unbestowed, O God, forgive us. And do Thou so cleanse us with a better mind that we, free from the haunting recollections of old failures, may step into these new days, better men and women, more adequately prepared to handle life!

Make us honest with our hopes. Save us from devotion to glittering generalities concerning which we intend to do nothing. Make our ideals real to us. Give them grip upon our consciences. So may we not only propose but plan this coming year a better life, that the days ahead may minister to the coming of Thy kingdom.

Send us out from this hour of worship to be honest with our work. In this place of privilege and quiet we remember the bitter cries that ascend from human lives, from the poor unfed, from the unemployed who seek for work and cannot find it. Help us to trust in no magic but in men and women remade into the likeness of the Son of man and living honest and laborious days. Send us out to join that honorable company who in places exalted or humble, forgotten by the world or seen of men, lift ordinary life into an extraordinary spirit and do common work in an uncommon way.

So gather us up into the arms of Thy care. The children with their eagerness and gaiety—keep their lives beautiful. The youths, with their enlarging strength—engage their life with rich interests. The mature in the floodtide of their power—may they not misuse it. The aged who go down to the gates of death—may the gates of death to them be open doors to an eternal morning. And so, beyond our power to ask or our right to deserve, minister Thou in secret to our souls. We pray in the spirit of Christ. Amen.

Photograph by William Bernard Brown

DR. FOSDICK AND HIS "GIBSON FUND" LIEUTENANTS IN CONFERENCE

The First Year

By Clare M. Tousley

Assistant Director, Charity Organization Society

IN the exceedingly busy offices of the State Employment Service, 124 East 28th Street, are two placement workers who are not members of the State personnel. They have generous office space and the full co-operation of the State for the specialized placement work they are doing. These two employment secretaries are May Preuss and Irma Cowley, the staff of the Emergency Employment Service of the Charity Organization Society, financed by The Riverside Church and housed by the State Employment Service. If all this sounds like a mystery tale because of its unusualness, it can be placed squarely in the realm of reality by a letter I received not long ago from none other than Frances Perkins herself, Commissioner of Labor of the State of New York. The letter had to do with the affairs of this seemingly mysterious service and in it Miss Perkins says, "I hope you will express to Doctor Fosdick and the members of his great church my deep appreciation of this three-cornered welfare project which they are making possible. From my point of view it is a really significant experiment, and as far as I know a unique one!"

I have, therefore, a three-fold aim in writing this, to convey Commissioner Perkins' message, to celebrate the completion of the first year of service, and to report on the progress we have been able to make.

What the Emergency Employment Service is I will outline only briefly for readers unfamiliar with it, because it was described at length in the generous space the Church Monthly gave in the September issue to tell about the first six months' work. The Service is an attempt to find jobs for those men and women who have come to the Charity Organization Society most urgently in need of them. It is based on the knowledge of all interested in social progress that there are disturbing psychological consequences of unemployment to family life, far beyond the physical suffering from lack of food and proper living quarters, serious enough in themselves. Only adult applicants sent by the nine district offices of the Charity Organization Society and by the staff of the Riverside Church are interviewed and registered, and only those who are unquestionably employable are supposed to be sent, as the placement of the handicapped is a separate field.

To be allowed to function within the walls of the State Employment Service is enormously valuable, as it puts the work in its logical setting and sends the applicants out to prospective employers under the proper auspices. Mr. Fritz Kaufmann, Director of the New York State Employment Service who arranged all of this for us, in speaking of our first year of service, has expressed his opinion as to its value.

"With the vast army of unemployed the State offices, along with all employment agencies, have been crowded with applicants. The limited fund of the State and limited staff have made it impossible to give these applicants the kind of service the State would like to give. It, therefore, welcomed Miss Preuss, who could give this individualized employment service to a special group, the clients of the Charity Organization Society. An unhurried, uninterrupted interview has meant a great deal to these

men and women." He very graciously adds, "The quality of the service rendered by Miss Preuss has been a stimulation to the entire staff of the New York State Employment Service."

Mr. Kaufmann spoke of what the individualized interviews have meant. Now, what have the *jobs* meant? Back of the 1,095 placements made during the year is a Tolstoyan drama of human relationships. A woman came last summer to one of the district offices of the Charity Organization Society for help for her family. She was in a state of extreme nervous tension. Her husband, a skilled rug weaver, had been out of work for a year. She was alarmed about the children. . . . She had not gone far in her story before she broke down completely and revealed troubles even more serious than the need for food. In a flood of reproaches, she spoke her mind about her husband. He had disappointed her, he was cruel, he wanted his family to suffer, he did not want to get work, he was harsh with the children, in short, the two were living in a state of acute unhappiness and friction. The object of this outburst was a seemingly gentle person, haggard, crushed by his year's experience, moody, yes, and irritable with the children, but it was hard to believe that he was cruel. He was most convincingly wanting a job more than anything in the world. He had always until the depression had fairly steady work at his trade, rug weaving, learned so thoroughly in his native Armenia.

It was not until three months after his application that Miss Preuss was able to get him work, and in that interval all the skill the work-burdened C. O. S. visitor could find time to expend on the family was directed to lessen the discord in the home, without much success. The wife remained under tension, thoroughly upset by what she considered her husband's shortcomings.

When the job finally came it was in the man's own trade, repairing rugs in a hotel. It was not the completely industrialized kind he had usually had, but on a piecework basis and irregular. But consider the miracle it wrought, at that. As soon as he was actually at work the discord seemed to disappear like a mirage. The wife suddenly relaxed into a quietness of well-being. It was as if this economic adjustment had solved most of their problems. The change in the man's outward appearance was most noticeable, he seemed so much more of a person and gradually lost some of his haggard look. Soon there was almost no contact needed between the C. O. S. visitor and the family. They were—fixed!

Now something about the volume of the work. The number of applicants interviewed and registered during the year was 2,320, of which 1,399 were men and 921 women. Every day, of course, we have old as well as new applicants calling at the Service, so that approximately six or seven hundred applicants are interviewed each month.

Of the 1,095 placements, 525 were of men and 570 of women. Of these placements, 44% were in jobs called permanent by the employer and 56% in jobs designated by the employer as temporary. In checking the results of our placements for the period January to July, 1931, we were pleased to find that of the 222 applicants placed in permanent positions, 28.7% were still in the job on July first. This is an unusually high percentage and shows the stability and quality of our applicants. Another 37% had given satisfactory service and had remained on the job until for various reasons the job itself terminated. From an ex-employer of one of this group came the following letter, stating from the employers' viewpoint the quality of many of our applicants besides this particular man:

"Dear Miss Preuss: Robert D. reported to you correctly. He is all wool and a yard wide. I failed in my business—that is why I had to give him up. He is sober, industrious and very worth while, has a wife and 3 children. I paid him $22—then $24 a

Photograph by Ira L. Hill's Studio

MISS MAY PREUSS

week—then $25. Sometimes extra. He is very methodical, trustworthy in every way —I am sorry I can't help him. I would have sent for him had I needed any one. Hope you can assist him."

There is much to be said about these temporary jobs. While they are unsatisfactory from a placement point of view, in that they take as much time to fill as permanent jobs, they are out of all proportion helpful and encouraging to many of our applicants, because of the psychological boosts they give. To men and women who depend on day's work, they are invaluable. Of the 544 individuals placed, 27.7% have been placed more than once. For instance, we have several housemen who wash windows and clean, to whom we have given twenty, thirty, or even forty jobs. Sooner or later, of course, these applicants develop a clientele of employers and are able to travel almost entirely on their own momentum.

Work by the day. It is a rich field for drama, if not for the accumulation of unearned wealth. A woman cleans your apartment and goes away until the next week, to do in the meantime the same service, perhaps, for some other households. Little

does it show on the surface the difference this apparently simple occupation is meaning in her life.

Consider Gertrude B., for instance, one of the women for whom some of these jobs have been found. As the dollars slowly mount in her tiny, informal savings "account," because she has these cleaning jobs, the day draws nearer when she can bring her two children back from the institutions where she had to place them when she was without work. Thirty whole dollars she has now, and because she feels a certain stability of employment with the several customers who like her work well enough to keep her on regularly each week, she "reckons" that by the end of January she can pay the rent of a room in which she will set up housekeeping with Johnny, 2, and the baby, Margaret.

Her husband deserted her just after the second child was born. This loss was an unemployment casualty, happening after he had been away from New York several times looking for work, each time failing to find it, and becoming more detached from his responsibility. Finally he simply did not return. It has been a humiliating experience for this twenty-six year old woman for whom everything seemed to be going satisfactorily until unemployment upset her world. It was several months before she found the path to the Charity Organization Society. She wisely accepted the advice to leave Johnny and Margaret in the home for dependent children where she had placed them until her position was secure enough for her to assume the hoped-for but difficult responsibility of supporting the two children.

Back to the figures now, to talk about the employers. Many of them have used this Service time and time again, especially for temporary work, which is evident from the fact that the number of placements, 1,095, far exceeds the number of employers, 693. Where do we find them? Of the jobs filled, 49.9% came through members of The Riverside Church and through the publicity given us in the Church calendar. This has been our greatest source. The following table shows our other sources:

SOURCES OF JOBS

January 1-December 31, 1931

	No.	Per Cent
Riverside Church	547	49.9
Field Work	237	21.6
Charity Organization Society	216	19.8
Recommended by another employer	32	2.9
No report	24	2.2
State Employment Service	15	1.4
Jewish Social Service Association	12	1.1
Miscellaneous	12	1.1
Total	1,095	100.0

During the last few months we have been interested to see a gradual increase in the number of calls we have received because of the recommendation of a previously satisfied employer.

Of the 1,095 placements made, 128 individuals or 11.7% of that total were sent by The Riverside Church.

In that room where Miss Preuss and Mrs. Cowley work, many incidents express the intangible good-will that can flow from such an individualized employment service, functioning in a depression. Not long ago a man stood shyly waiting his turn, fumbling a little with his cap. He had in previous months come to the office several times in search of a job, but not recently, and Miss Preuss concluded hopefully that this meant he had found employment. He had come so regularly, had gone out so eagerly on every lead she gave him. At one time a valet to an admiral, he later had a high-class restaurant position. But work became slack; he was laid off; he was willing to take "anything." He felt ashamed of being out of work, of having to go home with no news of a job for his anxious young wife. It was hard, too, to laugh with the baby, all big blue eyes and gurgles, when he was so fearful of his ability to meet the situation.

When his turn came he forgot his shy-

ness; in fact, the words tumbled out—"I'd like to have you send me three dishwashers and three bus boys." Proudly he explained that the month before, after his long search, he had secured a position as dining-room captain. He had obtained it through another office, but remembering the friendliness and interest of this Service he had come back as an *employer,* to hire some of the other men he knew we were trying so hard to place.

Statistics are only one measurement of the success of a project.

On January 13th, when Miss Preuss reported on her year's work before the Executive Committee of the Charity Organization Society, meeting that day in the office of the President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, Walter S. Gifford, who is also President of the C. O. S., he said, "Miss Preuss' report indicates a stunning achievement in these times. It would obviously have been impossible without the active backing of the members of the Riverside Church.

"I can believe, after hearing Miss Preuss' enthusiastic review, that she has a high gift for this work . . . that she gives these unemployed people something more than jobs."

A Practical Christian Attitude

From Shanghai came this letter written by Dr. Herman Lui, president of the Baptist Shanghai College. "So far our students have shown a fine attitude. As soon as I heard of the Manchurian crisis last Saturday, and before the newspapers reported it, I explained the situation to our students and the Christian attitude we should take. I announced that we would observe the following days as 'Study Japan Week.' We have had lectures in the mornings and forums in the afternoons. The International Relations Club which we organized several years ago, is meeting the critical need as I expected. I am inclined to think that our students will not cause any trouble."

Peace—A Way of Life

Riverside Guild Program

Last Fall the Riverside Guild presented a series of programs on Sunday evenings studying the subject of Peace, as opposed to War. This pacifist-versus-militarist way of looking at the subject of Peace is perhaps the most popular. It offers for the individual, however, little to do beyond studying and discussing the question, and resolving to act in a certain way in the event that an opportunity to act in such a way presents itself in the future.

Peace, however, is not to be gained through this method alone. It is the result of something deeper. Peace flourishes most among those of peaceful thoughts and dispositions. It is the product of a peaceful way of life, as opposed to the hectic and unstable conditions which exist in many lives today.

In February the Guild is presenting four programs which seek to interpret conditions of living and thinking which tend toward establishing the philosophy of Peace in the individual.

February 7th—Vincent Burns, poet and lecturer, will read from his book "Red Harvest," a collection of poems on the philosophy of life.

February 14th—the Peace Discussion Group of the Guild will present a peace program.

February 21st—"Strife," a play by John Galsworthy, will be given—a study of conflicts among industrial classes.

February 28th—The Men's Class regular Sunday session, usually held at 9:30 A. M. will be held at this hour. Dr. Arthur E. Bestor, President of the Chautauqua Institution, will give his Bicentennial address on "George Washington."

These services are presented by The Riverside Guild in the Assembly Hall of the church at 7:30 o'clock Sunday evenings. The public is cordially invited.

Photograph by William Bernard Brown

CHRISTMAS PARTY FOR BOYS

The Latchstring

Experts agree. We have heard so much about disagreement among experts that we have given the matter a regular place in the humor of our day. Various instances of disagreement among so-called experts in every possible field, from causes and cures of the prevalent depression and how to prevent war to such personal matters as whether to be operated upon or not to be, are cited to show how radically the experts differ.

But here we present a most interesting experience in which three men, each of them a specialist or "expert" in his own field, speaking in a series of lectures at the Riverside Church, and with no knowledge of the trend of the others' remarks, hit upon one and the same solution of such a baffling problem as is offered by the question, "What is the most promising remedy for the criminality of our day?"

Dr. Frederick M. Thrasher, of New York University, a specialist in sociological research, in an illuminating and well-nigh hair-raising address on "Racketeering," said in conclusion that the answer to this problem, with which we associate violence and murder in its ultimate expression, is to be found in the wise and generous care of the boys of the city's streets in Boys' Clubs.

Mr. William Edwin Hall, President of the Federation of Boys' Clubs of America, came to the same conclusion.

A third specialist, speaking out of a long career in prison administration, Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing, bore testimony to his belief that Boys' Clubs, adequate in number and wisely administered, would actually solve the crime problem at its source.

In sitting down with the addresses of these three experts before us, we discover that they differ from one another only in the personal background from which they respectively draw their illustrations, lessons and convictions. They agree that the typical criminal of our day is a youth. It is the boy and not the girl who is going over to criminality. Mr. Hall stated that seventeen times as many males as females are being arrested annually in New York City. The boy faces open doors and can be led in the direction of good citizenship. Reform in later life is so difficult as to be almost hopeless. Warden Lawes phrased his conviction at this point in the words, "It is habilitation that is needed, not rehabilitation. Take care of the boys. I should like to see a boys' club in every block."

▽

Report of Agricultural Missions meeting in our building.

The Meeting of the International Association of Agricultural Missions in the tower of the Riverside Church, December 4th and 5th, was the largest the Association has ever held. It exceeded the resources of the 15th and of the 9th floors, and emergency arrangements had to be made for the excess attendance. The charm of the beautiful building undoubtedly attracted some, and the perfection of service sent them all away pleased.

This Meeting was notable because the President, Dr. Ralph E. Diffendorfer, had returned from India within the year, and the Secretary, Dr. Warren H. Wilson, had spent the year in the Orient, eight months of it in India in a survey of the Mass Movement. He was the speaker at the Annual Dinner on the night of December 4th. The attendance at this Dinner ex-

ceeded by one-half the attendance of any previous Meeting.

The morning of Friday, the 4th, was devoted to New England, Kentucky and Arizona rural conditions. Every speaker testified to the desolate and seemingly hopeless conditions with which they were confronted. The existing churches seem incapable, as organizations, of meeting the growing atheism of these regions. Dr. Dirk Lay told of his securing through government the water to irrigate Indian lands, only to find that a heavy investment of capital, which the Indians have not, is necessary that they may now retain their irrigated lands. The effect in the morning was depressing.

There was an unusual number of brilliant foreign missionaries in attendance, a fact that always gives character to the Meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Harper of Moga, Mr. and Mrs. Wiser of Mainpuri, Miss Forsythe of Japan, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor of Umtali, Rhodesia, and Robert S. Spencer of Japan, would have made any occasion notable. They are among the stars of their countries.

Dr. H. Paul Douglass, Mr. Trevor Bowen and Dr. Kenyon L. Butterfield reported on the investigations they have made. Mrs. Thomas S. Donohugh and Professor Mabel Carney spoke as scholars and teachers.

The program was the best, as the attendance, in the twelve years of the Association.

▽

Remedies for Unemployment. Of the many problems challenging the attention of thoughtful persons everywhere today, probably none is more important or fraught with greater consequences than unemployment—the inability of capable men and women who want it, to obtain work. It is a problem with far-reaching ramifications, affecting not only the United States, but virtually every important commercial and industrial nation as well. Whether the problem will be solved, and, if so, what remedies will eventually be adopted, depends chiefly on the development of an educated and enlightened public opinion, cognizant of the facts and prepared to deal with them in an intelligent manner.

It was for this reason that a group of the Men's Class early in October instituted a round-table discussion of unemployment and the possibilities of alleviating its blighting effects through the agency of a well-planned and effective program of insurance. Under the leadership of Mr. Cecil E. Kite, the group had eight meetings during the Fall months. There was an average attendance each Tuesday evening of about twenty-five persons, both men and women, interested in the problem and desirous of obtaining first-hand knowledge of the subject.

From time to time guest speakers were invited to present particular phases of unemployment relief and to answer questions in an informal discussion at the close of the period. Professor John A. Fitch of the New York School of Social Work presented a general plan of unemployment insurance. The work of the New York State Employment Service was outlined by Mr. Fritz Kaufman, Director of the Service. Dr. Leo Wolman of Columbia University discussed the advisability of a program of public works to furnish employment in times of business inactivity.

On the basis of material presented by the guest speakers and as a result of their own study of the problem, the members of the group toward the end of their meetings drew up a memorandum containing suggestions for a system of unemployment insurance. It was pointed out, in this memorandum, that as things now stand only his own savings and charity protect the worker from hardship and suffering. Hence, it was felt that some form of insurance is desirable and necessary for the best interests of the worker and the community of which he is a part.

The group also went on to suggest that there should be a national, compulsory sys-

tem of unemployment insurance; that industry alone should contribute to the fund out of which benefits are to be paid; that all workers, salaried people and even employers should be eligible for the benefits; that governmental relief should be afforded persons whose unemployment insurance does not cover the full period of their idleness; that there should be a national system of unemployment exchanges operated under civil service; and, finally, that there should be established and maintained by the government a system of vocational training schools for adults to prepare them for new occupations.

Illustrations in This Issue

The picture "Christmas Party for Boys," on page 318, shows a group that left the dinner table just long enough to have their picture taken. One hundred and fifty boys from three different sections of the city were guests of the men of the "Class" and of the church. The Church School entertained with a play, "The Bird's Christmas Carol," and a basket-ball game in the gymnasium was enthusiastically supported by the boys in the gallery. This annual event is enjoyed by the men fully as much as by the boys who are their guests.

The illustration on page 310 shows Dr. Fosdick in conference with his immediate lieutenants during the campaign for relief funds conducted by the Gibson Committee throughout the city. A sum in excess of $18,000,000 was raised. Dr. Fosdick was the leader of District No. 7, a section bounded by 110th Street on the south, Spuyten Duyvil on the north, St. Nicholas Avenue on the east and the Hudson River on the west. His co-workers in the conference are A. Robert Munro of The Riverside Church; Chandler Smith, Albert Frankfurter and Miss Harriet Shepard, of the Unemployment Relief Committee, and Kenneth Cameron of The Riverside Church.

Rural Reconstruction in India

"The future of India will be decided not in her cities but in her villages," Mr. Ghandi is reported to have said at the outset of his recent campaign. Of late years missionaries, too, have been realizing that to reach and uplift the 275,000,000 people whose homes are in the villages of India there must be a definite program. Miss Jennie Reilly, a missionary in Ramapatnam, has started a rural unit, which she calls a Community Center, in the village of Tettu. She wrote of it, "In Tettu our threefold unit of work is proving its worth. Our ideal is one trained nurse who has had experience in midwifery, one teacher and one Bible woman living together in a central village and teaching the surrounding villages not only by word but by demonstration and example. Ever since I have been in India I have been impressed with the great and impelling need for health teaching in our villages. Now we have a fine growing plant at Tettu with two splendid Indian workers. The nurse has been doing a lot of health teaching in the surrounding villages and has laid a sure foundation for the work that is following. She is replacing the native midwife and teaching the people to eliminate the crude and barbarous practices so prevalent today. The teacher supervises the Sunday Schools, the Woman's meetings and the sewing classes. It is most encouraging to watch those who are demonstrating by their changed lives that Christ is having His way in their lives and in their homes. The great need is for the proper supervision of the work until the unit is entirely self-supporting. It is well worth the time expended. It is slow, uphill work, to be sure, but if we are to keep it entirely indigenous we must keep it slow."

▽ ▽ ▽

Making the New Year Happy

(*Continued from page* 308)

healthier and emotionally happier. You know that would be the truth.

Last week I quoted to you the saying of one of our young literary sybarites, a scoffing cynic. Listen to that sentence again. "To me pleasure and my own personal happiness . . . are all I deem worth a hoot." You see where that self stops, with the ends of his own nerves. Let him go fish in that little puddle, then, for anything he is likely to catch there but, as for us, thank heaven for an ocean to live beside whose trade routes touch many lands!

You see, this high task of happiness is no mere matter of blowing on one's hands and looking for thrills.

Once more, I do not see how anybody is going to discover the durable satisfactions of life without integrity of character. One of the most astonishing delusions of mankind today is the idea that happiness is associated with moral looseness. There is one excuse for that delusion. There has been and there is a negative morality whose major word is "don't," whose idea of righteousness is prudishness, and whose symbol would not be, as it ought to be, an open road for adventurous traveling, but a fenced yard of restricted imprisonment. Anybody so unfortunate as to have been subjected in youth to that moral duress is almost certain either to stay there, a pitiful victim of repressed personality, or else some day in rebellion to break loose into undisciplined license because be wants to be free and happy. The consequence is that there are millions of people who in their imaginations put goodness on one side, meaning negative morality, and on the other side happiness, meaning going native, and think that they have to choose.

Upon the contrary, consider the persons whom you have known who in any real sense had found the durable satisfactions of life and do not all of them, like President Eliot of Harvard who used the phrase, exhibit integrity of character?

I celebrate the solid satisfactions of a good life. To find one's work in the world and do it honorably, to keep one's record clean so that nothing clandestine, furtive, surreptitious can ever leap out upon one from ambush and spoil one's life, to be able, therefore, unafraid to look the world in the face, to live honorably also with one's own soul because one keeps there no secret place like the bloody closet in Bluebeard's palace where the dead things hang, to walk life's journey unhaunted by the ghosts of people from whose ruin one has stolen pleasure, and so at last to be a gentleman, one, that is, who puts a little more into life than one takes out—gather up the significance of such character, forty years old, sixty years old, eighty years old—one may well celebrate the solid satisfactions of such a life.

Finally, I do not see how any one can discover in the deepest sense the durable satisfactions of life without basic religious faith. You and I have friends who lack it. If some one says to me that these friends lacking religious faith are bad, I rise at once in their defense. They are not bad; some of them are among the most amiable and honorable people that I know. But this is true of all of them: they are rather sad. They have many happinesses on the circumference of their life, but whenever they look deep at the center of the universe and what it means to them, that is rather sad. How often in revealing hours one catches the echo of George John Romanes' words when he lost his faith. "The appalling contrast," he wrote, "between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it." Aye, that always goes along with complete irreligion, "the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it."

So I leave the case with you. Agree or disagree with this detail or that as I have put it, the major matter is plain. In a world like this to be happy at the center of man's life is no superficial affair of pleasure-chasing. Let us be thankful for pleasure, for life's casual byplay, its color-

ful diversions, its wayside springs of gaiety and merriment. God grant that there may be more of them this next year than some this morning dare to hope! But in a world like this, to be genuinely happy at life's center is a deep matter. I am wishing you all this morning intangible spiritual values, expanded and unselfish devotions, integrity of character, basic religious faith, as I wish you all a Happy New Year.

PRAYER

Eternal God, our Father, save us from merely playing upon life's surface. Grant that some great wells of abiding joy may break up into the hearts of this people because we have worshipped here today. Amen.

Dr. Fosdick preached the foregoing sermon on January 3, 1932.

Within the Four Seas

If—because you are a woman—there has been many a day when you have laid down the morning newspaper deeply puzzled by certain paragraphs on the likelihood of increased national budget appropriations for more armaments. . . .

If—because you are a woman—there has ever dawned the strange logic that nations which aim to become "prepared" by being equally armed might achieve a similar state more simply by being equally disarmed. . . .

If—because you are a woman—a warm concern has been growing in your heart for the children of all men everywhere, that the pursuit of happiness, neighborliness and mutual appreciation may result through travel, radio, the press, each with infinite possibilities for knitting the ends of the earth into one neighborhood. . . .

Then surely you will echo the ancient saying of Confucius: *"Within the four seas all are brothers,"* and will welcome the special Program on Peace which the Woman's Society is planning for Monday, February first, at 10:30 o'clock in the morning.

(M.T.A.—for the Woman's Society)

Getting Acquainted with Great Souls

The Wednesday evening lectures for the Lenten Season of 1932 will begin on February 10th, and will close on Wednesday night, March 23rd. This is the fourth Lenten Season for which the Church Night Committee has provided the Wednesday night programs, and we feel that this program should prove to be the most stimulating and at the same time the most spiritually helpful program we have yet had.

February 10—Abraham Lincoln. Dr. Charles R. Brown, Dean Emeritus of Yale Divinity School; author of The Greatest Man of the Nineteenth Century, The Making of a Minister, etc.

February 17—Robert Browning. Dr. William Lyon Phelps, Professor of English Literature at Yale University; author of Browning, Essays on Modern Dramatists, etc.

February 24—Saint Francis of Assisi. Dr. James J. Walsh, Professor of Physiological Psychology at Cathedral College; author of Makers of Modern Medicine, The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries, etc.

March 2—Church Night. Dr. Fosdick.

March 9—Ludwig van Beethoven. Dr. Walter J. Damrosch, Organizer of the New York Symphony Orchestra; composer of opera Cyrano, incidental music to Electra, etc.

March 16—Gautama Buddha. Dr. Daniel J. Fleming, Professor of Missions at Union Theological Seminary; author of Whither Bound in Missions, Ways of Sharing with Other Faiths, etc.

March 23—Church Night. Dr. Fosdick.

The Committee of Arrangements is as follows: Samuel A. Rutledge, Chairman; Prof. Noel Dowling, Charles Gambrell, Miss May Belle Van Arsdale, Prof. Edward H. Reisner, LeRoy Campbell, Miss Harriet Taylor, C. Ivar Hellstrom.

THE CHURCH MONTHLY

Published by the Committee on Publications
of the Riverside Church
122nd Street and Riverside Drive, New York City

Vol. 6 *January, 1932* *No. 3*

MINISTERS

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

EUGENE C. CARDER

C. IVAR HELLSTROM

OFFICERS

EDWARD L. BALLARD,
President, Board of Trustees

ALBERT L. SCOTT - - - - - - - - *Vice-President*

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, 3RD,
Secretary, Board of Trustees

HARRY P. FISH, *Secretary, Board of Deacons*

CHESTER H. STEVENS, *Chairman, Board of Ushers*

WILLIAM F. TURNBULL - - - - - *Church Clerk*

JAMES M. PRATT - - - - - - - *Church Treasurer*

GEORGE J. HEIDT - - - - - - *Business Manager*

STAFF

MRS. MONTAGUE HOWARD,

MISS MYRA VANCE,
Assistants to the Ministers

MRS. KATHERINE WILLARD EDDY,
Executive Secretary, Women's Bible Class

CECIL E. KITE, *Executive Secretary, Men's Class*

HAROLD VINCENT MILLIGAN - - - - - - *Organist*

KAMIEL LEFÉVERE - - - - - - - - - *Carillonneur*

MISS SARAH PETTIT - - - - - - *House Manager*

MRS. LUCILLE VANDIVER,
Executive Secretary, Riverside Guild

COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATIONS

EUGENE C. CARDER - - - - - - - - - *Chairman*

HARRY P. FISH - - - - - - - - - - - *Treasurer*

GEORGE J. HEIDT - - - - - - *Business Manager*

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

MRS. EMMA WILLIAMS PECK

Biography

There is a dream which the ministers of the church and the staff have in connection with a library here which members of the church and congregation can undoubtedly help to make a reality.

If you have studied the symbolism of the building, its stone, stained glass, and carved wood, you have been impressed by the very large number of characters out of history who have found presentation through one medium or another in the decorative features of the structure. Some six hundred altogether have thus found a permanent place among us. Scientists, philosophers, religious leaders, preachers, teachers, artists, philanthropists, in fact men and women from every possible category of good works.

We want to develop a library to which interested friends can go and find biographies and biographical material on each and every one of these men and women depicted in the symbolism of our church. A study of your own book shelves will doubtless reveal that you have the biographies of many of these people. In some cases, you probably have a number of biographies of individuals who appear here, the value of which may not be so very great on your shelves but would be much augmented if made a part of our collection in the Riverside Church Library. In these days when books are being discarded to make room in overcrowded libraries or are being given away for reading rooms and various institutions, we would add this particular and definite appeal for biographies and biographical material on the men and women who have found a place in stone niche or stained glass panel or carved wood design.